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POETRY  
OF THE YEAR  
*Passages from the Poets*  
DESCRIPTIVE OF  
THE SEASONS







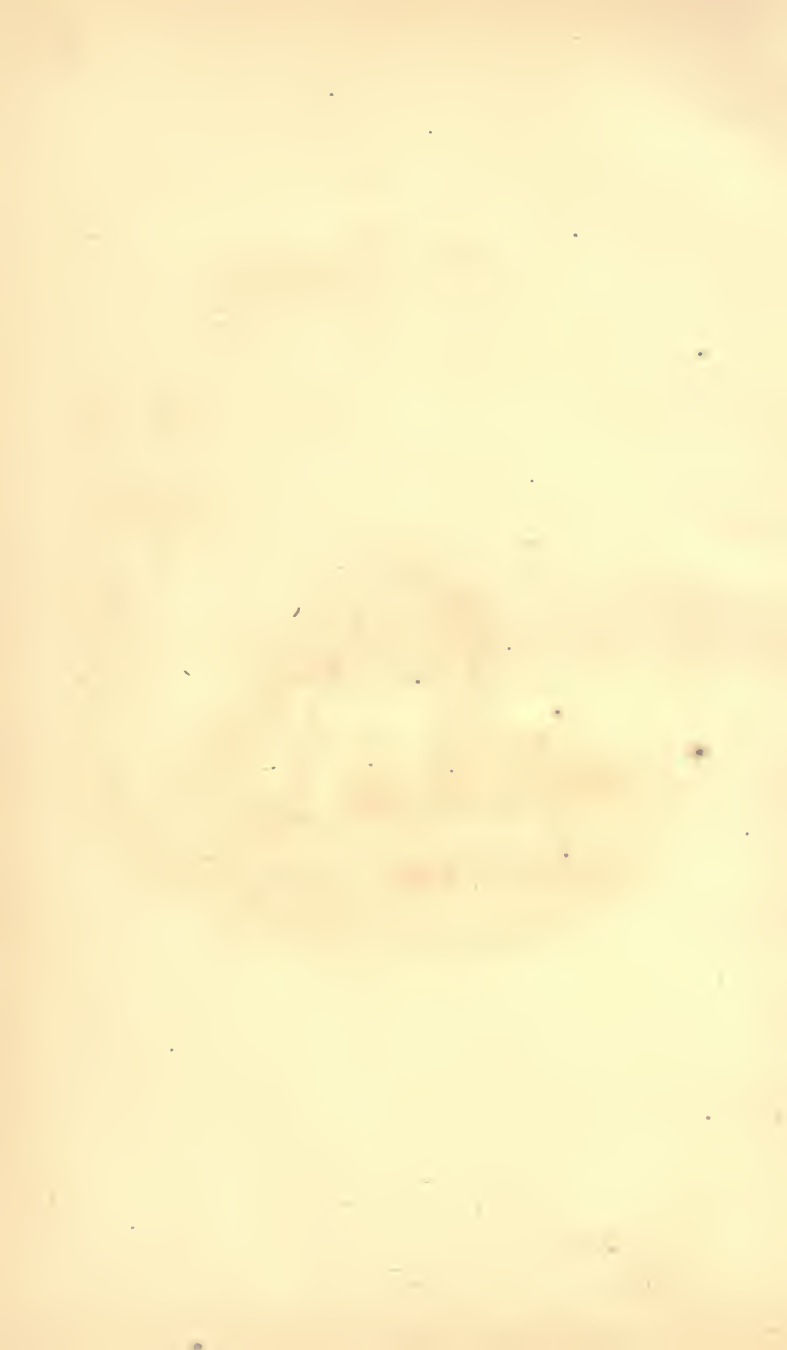
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Miss L. L. L.

New Year 1866.



POETRY OF THE YEAR.









Summer

# POETRY OF THE YEAR



PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY E.H. BUTLER & CO



# POETRY OF THE YEAR:

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

*Descriptive of the Seasons.*

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED

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PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.  
1865.

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THE  
POETRY-OF SPRING.



## THE POETRY OF SPRING.

---

### SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have called me long—  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-  
flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky ;  
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the  
chain ;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.

Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!  
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!  
There is something bright from your features  
passed!

There is that come over your brow and eye  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must  
die!

—Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet:  
Oh! what have you looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not  
here

All whom I saw in the vanished year!

There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;  
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth was spread;  
There were voices that rang through the sapphire  
sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality!  
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains  
passed?  
—Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last.

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!  
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—  
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown:  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and  
fair,  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!



But I know of a land where there falls no blight—  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!  
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may  
    dwell,  
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more:  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's.—Fare ye well,  
    farewell!

HEMANS.

---

THE MAY-BUSH.

YOUNG folk now flock in everywhere  
To gather May-bushes, and smelling brere.  
And home they hasten, the posts to dight,  
And all the kirk pillars, ere day-light,  
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,  
And garlands of roses.——  
Even this morning—no longer ago,  
I saw a shole of shepherds outgo,

With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer :  
Before them went a lusty tabourer,  
That unto many a hornpipe played,  
Whereto they danced, each one with his maid.  
To see these folk making such joyance  
Made my heart after the pipe to dance.  
Then to the greenwood they speed them all  
To fetch home May, with their musical :  
And home they bring him, in a royal throne,  
Crowned as king ; and his queen—fair one,  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend  
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,  
To help the ladies their May-bush to bear !

SPENSER.

---

### SPRING.

THE sweet season that bud and bloome forth brings,  
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;  
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.  
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,  
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,

The buck in brake his winter-coat he flings,

The fishes fleet with new-repairèd scale :

The adder all her slough away she flings,

The swift swallow, pursues the flies small,

The busy bee her honey now she mings.

Winter is worn that was the flower's bale,

And thus I see, among those pleasant things,

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

EARL OF SURREY.

---

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,

Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

## CHILDREN IN SPRING.

THE snow has left the cottage-top ;  
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green  
And eaves in quick succession drop,  
Where grinning icicles have been,  
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise  
In tubs set by the cottage-door ;  
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,  
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window-pane,  
Which children mark with laughing eye,  
And in the wet streets steal again,  
To tell each other spring is nigh.  
Then as young Hope the past recalls,  
In playing groups they often draw,  
To build beside the sunny walls  
Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.

And oft in pleasure's dream they hie  
Round homesteads by the village side,  
Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,  
Where painted pooty shells abide ;

Mistaking oft the ivy spray  
For leaves that come with budding spring,  
And wondering, in their search for play,  
Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis thrush, with wild delight,  
Upon the orchard's dripping tree  
Mutters, to see the day so bright  
Fragments of young Hope's poesy ;  
And Dame oft stops her buzzing wheel,  
To hear the robin's note once more,  
Who tootles while he pecks his meal  
From sweet-brier hips beside the door.

CLARE.

---

DAY: A PASTORAL.

IN the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to Partlet perched on high,  
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock) !  
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows, nursed by night, retire :

And the peeping sunbeam, now,  
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night;  
And the lark, to meet the morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,  
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
Darting through the one-arched bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the morning gale!  
Kidlings, now, begin to crop  
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed  
(Restless till her task be done),  
Now the busy bee's employed  
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,  
Where the limpid stream distils,

Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn  
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,  
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossomed spray!  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

---

### CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming Morn  
 Upon her wings presents the God unshorn!  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air!—  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
 Each flower has wept and bowed towards the east  
 Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed!—

Nay, not so much as out of bed,  
When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin—  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,  
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise! and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown or hair;  
Fear not, for the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you;—  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:—  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in  
praying:  
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna! come, and coming, mark  
How each field turns a street—each street a park,



Made green, and trimmed with trees!—see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch!—each porch, each door, ere this  
An ark, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of whitehorn neatly interwove,  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see 't?  
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May,  
And sin no more, as we have done by staying,  
But, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day  
But is got up and gone to bring in May.  
A deal of youth ere this has come  
Back, and with whitehorn laden home:  
Some have despatched their cakes and cream  
Before that we have ceased to dream;  
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth.  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;  
Many a green gown has been given;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even;

Many a glance, too, has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament ;  
Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
This night, and locks picked ;—yet we're not a  
Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmless folly of the time ;  
We shall grow old apace and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun :

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight,  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying.

HERRICK.

## THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose ! starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew  
The every lawn, the wood, and spinny through,  
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;  
How much thy presence beautifies the ground,  
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride,  
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.  
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are found,  
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight ;  
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,  
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;  
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

CLARE.

## A TRIBUTE TO MAY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD OF KIRCHBERG.)

MAY, sweet May, again is come,—  
May that frees the land from gloom;  
Children, children! up and see  
All her stores of jollity.  
On the laughing hedgerow's side  
She hath spread her treasures wide;  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the nightingale hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody:  
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,  
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures  
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!  
Hail this merry, merry May!  
Up! then, children! we will go,  
Where the blooming roses grow;  
In a joyful company,  
We the bursting flowers will see;  
Up, your festal dress prepare!  
Where gay hearts are meeting, there

May hath pleasures most inviting,  
Heart, and sight, and ear, delighting.  
Listen to the bird's sweet song,  
Hark ! how soft, it floats along.  
Courtly dames ! our pleasure share ;  
Never saw I May so fair :  
Therefore, dancing will we go,  
Youths, rejoice ! the flow'rets blow !  
Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !  
Hail this merry, merry May !

ROSCOE.

---

THE WOODLAND IN SPRING.

E'EN in the spring and play-time of the year,  
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick  
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook :  
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,  
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,  
Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove, unalarmed,  
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends

His long love-ditty for my near approach.  
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,  
That age or injury has hollowed deep,  
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,  
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth  
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,  
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play ;  
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,  
Ascends the neighboring beech ; there whisks his  
brush,  
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,  
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,  
And anger insignificantly fierce.

COWPER.

---

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the  
woods,  
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;  
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,  
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,  
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous  
leaves,

Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,  
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,  
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery  
shade,

And happy murmurs, running through the grass,  
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,  
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And pencilling the wood anemone:  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring!  
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?

Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!  
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou  
art—

What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know not well  
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,  
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep  
cell,

Gush for the faces we no more may see!  
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,  
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,  
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,  
Past words of welcome to our household door,  
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet,—  
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,  
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back  
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?  
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track



Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?  
Yes, gentle Spring ! no sorrow dims thine air,  
Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

HEMANS.

---

EARLY SPRING.

THE hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed  
In all the colors of the flushing year,  
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance : while the promised fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
drops  
From the bent bush as though the verdant maze,

Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ;  
Or taste the smell of dairy : or ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
And see the country far diffused around,  
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye  
Hurries from joy to joy.

THOMSON.

---

. A WALK BY THE WATER.

LET us walk where reeds are growing,  
By the alders in the mead ;  
Where the crystal streams are flowing,  
In whose waves the fishes feed.

There the golden carp is laving,  
With the trout, the perch, and bream ,  
Mark ! their flexile fins are waving,  
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,  
Now upon the surface rise ;  
Or from under roots of willows,  
Dart`to catch the water flies.

Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,  
See the minnow and the roach ;  
Or by water-lilies gliding,  
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,  
We have neither net nor hook ;  
Wanderers we, whose only wishes  
Are to read in Nature's book.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

---

### JOY OF SPRING.

FOR lo ! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,  
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn ;  
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,  
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers ;  
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,  
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,  
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,  
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.  
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze  
Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways :

And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,  
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

LEIGH HUNT.

---

THE NIGHTINGALE AT EVE.

ALL is still,  
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find  
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,  
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird !  
A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !  
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul  
Of all its music !

I know a grove

Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
Which the great lord inhabits not : and so  
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,  
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,  
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths ;  
But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales ; and far and near,  
In wood and thicket over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other's songs—  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day ! On moonlit bushes  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,  
You may, perchance, behold them on the twigs,  
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and  
full,  
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade  
Lights up her love-torch.

\* \* \* \* \*

And oft a moment's space,  
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,  
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moor.  
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky  
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds  
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps! And I have watched  
Many a nightingale perched giddily  
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,  
And to that motion tune his wanton song,  
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

COLERIDGE.

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## BEES AND BUTTERFLIES.

THE insect-world, now sunbeams higher climb,  
Oft dream of Spring, and wake before their time.  
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,  
And venture short flights where the snowdrop brings  
Its silver bell, and winter aconite  
Its buttercup-like flowers that shut at night,  
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,  
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold;

They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,  
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.  
The butterflies by eager hopes undone,  
Glad as a child come out to greet the sun :  
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower  
Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower.

CLARE

---

### THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN the flow'ry meads would be :  
The crystal streams should solace me ;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice,  
    Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
    Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or on that bank feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind  
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then washed off by April showers :  
    Here hear my Kenna sing a song,  
    There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest :  
 Here give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
     Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise  
     Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or with my Bryan and a book,  
 Loiter long days near Shawford Brook ;  
 There sit by him, and eat my meat ;  
 There see the sun both rise and set :  
 There bid good morning to next day ;  
 There meditate my time away ;  
     And angle on, and beg to have  
     A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAB WALTON.

---

A P R I L.

Now daisies pied, and violets blue,  
     And lady-smocks all silver white,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
     Do paint the meadows with delight ;  
 The cuckoo now on every tree,  
     Sings cuckoo ! cuckoo !

SHAKSPEARE



## M A Y.

WHEN apple-trees in blossom are,  
And cherries of a silken white ;  
And king-cups deck the meadows fair ;  
And daffodils in brooks delight ;  
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,  
And purple violets scent the ground,  
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom,—  
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale  
Under the tender leafy tree ;  
And all adown the grassy vale  
The mocking cuckoo chanteth free ;  
And Philomel, with liquid throat,  
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,  
That had been all the Winter dumb,—  
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,  
And tender corn is springing high,  
And banks are warm with sunny beam,  
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,

And forest bees are humming near,  
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,  
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—  
We then may say the May is come.

CLARE.

---

SPRING MORNING.

COME hither, come hither, and view the face  
Of Nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.  
By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing ;  
On the budding elms the birds are singing ;  
And up—up—up to the gates of heaven  
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven ;  
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud ;  
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud :  
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,  
In the season's delightful jubilee !

COME hither, come hither, and guess with me,  
How fair and how fruitful the year will be !  
Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,  
And behold the foal with its switching tail,  
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,  
With its long black forelocks about its eyes ;

Or bends its neck down with a stretch,  
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.  
See! as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,  
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,  
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,  
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay;  
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,  
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and roofs about,  
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam,  
With sticks and straws, to their woodland home.

MOIR.

---

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze.  
The faintest sounds attract the ear—the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
The distant bleating midway up the hill.  
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,  
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;  
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook  
Murmurs more gently down the deep sunk glen ;  
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME

---

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,  
Though thou the vale disdain,  
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide  
The wonders of the lane.  
High o'er the rushy springs of Don  
The stormy gloom is rolled ;  
The moorland hath not yet put on  
His purple, green, and gold.  
But here the titling spreads his wing,  
Where dewy daisies gleam ;  
And here the sunflower of the Spring  
Burns bright in morning's beam.



*The Return*



To mountain-winds the famished fox  
Complains that Sol is slow,  
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks  
His royal robe to throw.  
But here the lizard seeks the sun,  
Here coils, in light, the snake :  
And here the fire-tuft hath begun  
Its beauteous nest to make.  
Oh ! then, while hums the earliest bee  
Where verdure fires the plain,  
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see  
The glories of the lane !  
For oh ! I love these banks of rock,  
This roof of sky and tree,  
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,  
And wakes the earliest bee !  
As spirits from eternal day  
Look down on earth, secure,  
Look here, and wonder, and survey  
A world in miniature.  
A world not scorned by Him who made  
E'en weakness by His might ;  
But solemn in His depth of shade  
And splendid in His sight.

## SPRING POINTING TO GOD.

LOOSED from the bands of frost, the verdant ground

Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,  
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around,  
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold the trees new-deck their withered boughs ;

Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,  
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;  
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,

Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun :  
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,

From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;  
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;  
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she  
sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,

That fill the air with fragrance all around,



The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,  
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journey's down the western sky,  
Along the greensward, marked with Roman  
mound,

Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,  
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,  
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

BRUCE.

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## EFFECTS OF SPRING.

THE great Sun,  
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,  
Came forth to do thee homage ; a sweet hymn  
Was by the low winds chanted in the sky ;  
And when thy feet descended on the earth,  
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers

By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,  
To hail her blessed deliverer!—Ye fair trees,  
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!  
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light  
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives  
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour  
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,  
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?—  
Yet are ye not,  
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful  
Than the young lambs, that, from the valley-side,  
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,  
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!  
At sight of this your perfect innocence,  
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away  
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

WILSON.

## THE MEADOW.

How gay this meadow!—like a gamesome boy  
New clothed, his locks fresh combed and powdered,  
he

All healths and spirits. Scarce so many stars  
Shine in the azure canopy of heaven,  
As king-cups here are scattered, interspersed  
With silver daisies.

See, the toiling hind  
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last  
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought  
To fell the glory of the barren waste!  
For what more noble than the vernal furze  
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,  
For every blossom has a troop of swords  
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury  
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,  
Each with a burnished king-cup in his hand,  
And quaff the subtile ether. Here they dance  
Or to the village chimes, or moody song  
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see  
Fantastically trod. There Oberon

His gallant train leads out, the while his torch  
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes :  
And there they foot it featly round and laugh.  
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe  
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.  
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock  
His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights  
Are quenched, the music hushed, they speed away  
Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn  
Outrun, and, chasing midnight as she flies,  
Pursue her round the globe.

HURDIS.

THE  
POETRY OF SUMMER.



## THE POETRY OF SUMMER.

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### REPOSE IN SUMMER.

(FROM "THE TALKING OAK.")

HER eyelids dropped their silken eaves,  
I breathed upon her eyes,  
Through all the summer of my leaves,  
A welcome mixed with sighs.

Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip  
To light her shaded eye ;  
A second fluttered round her lip,  
Like a golden butterfly.

TENNYSON.

## SUMMER REVERIE.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,  
The air was cooling, and so very still,  
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride  
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,  
Had not yet lost their starry diadems  
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,  
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept  
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;  
For not the faintest motion could be seen  
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,  
To peer about upon variety ;  
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;  
To picture out the quaint and curious bending  
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :  
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,  
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.



I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free  
As though the fanning wings of Mercury  
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,  
And many pleasures to my vision started;  
So I straightway began to pluck a posy  
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.  
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;  
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!  
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,  
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them  
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,  
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtwined,  
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind  
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be  
The frequent-chequer of a youngling tree,  
That with a score of light green brethren shoots  
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:  
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,  
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,  
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn  
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn  
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly  
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds !  
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,  
For great Apollo bids  
That in these days your praises should be sung  
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;  
And when again your dewiness he kisses,  
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :  
So haply when I rove in some far vale,  
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
Linger awhile upon some bending planks  
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,  
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :  
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.  
How silent comes the water round that bend !  
Not the minutest whisper does it send  
To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass  
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.  
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach  
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach

A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;  
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,  
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle  
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle  
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !  
If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
That very instant not one will remain ;  
But turn your eye, and they are there again.  
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,  
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;  
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,  
And moisture, that the bowery green may live ;  
So keeping up an interchange of favors,  
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.  
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;  
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;  
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :  
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.  
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray  
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown  
Fanning away the dandelion's down ;  
Than the light music of her nimble toes  
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.  
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught  
Playing in all her innocence of thought ;  
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,  
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;  
O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;  
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;  
And as she leaves me, may she often turn  
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.  
What next ? a tuft of evening primroses,  
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;  
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the flitting  
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;  
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim  
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim  
Coming into the blue with all her light.  
O Maker of sweet poets ! dear delight  
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers ;  
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,

Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,  
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,  
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,  
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !  
Thee must I praise above all other glories  
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.  
For what has made the sage or poet write  
But the fair Paradise of Nature's light ?  
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,  
We see the waving of the mountain pine ;  
And when a tale is beautifully staid,  
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade :  
When it is moving on luxurious wings,  
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings :  
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,  
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases ;  
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier  
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire ;  
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles  
Charms us at once away from all our troubles :  
So that we feel uplifted from the world,  
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.

KEATS.

## THE BROOK IN SUMMER.

HERE happy would they stray in summer hours,  
To spy the birds in their green leafy bowers,  
And learn their various voices ; to delight  
In the gay tints, and ever-bickering flight  
Of dragon-flies upon the river's brim ;  
Or swift king-fisher in his gaudy trim  
Come skimming past, with a shrill, sudden cry ;  
Or on the river's sunny marge to lie,  
And count the insects that meandering trace,  
In some smooth nook, their circuits on its face.  
Now gravely ponder on the frothy cells  
Of insects, hung on flowery pinnacles ;  
Now, wading the deep grass, exulting trace  
The corn-crake's curious voice from place to place ;  
Now here—now there—now distant—now at hand—  
Now hushed, just where in wondering mirth they  
stand.

To lie abroad on Nature's lonely breast,  
Amidst the music of a summer's sky,  
Where tall, dark pines the northern bank invest  
Of a still lake ; and see the long pikes lie

Basking upon the shallows; with dark crest,  
And threatening pomp, the swan go sailing by;  
And many a wild fowl on its breast that shone,  
Flickering like liquid silver, in the joyous sun;  
The duck, deep poring with her downward head,  
Like a buoy floating on the ocean wave;  
The Spanish goose, like drops of crystal, shed  
The water o'er him, his rich plumes to lave;  
The beautiful widgeon, springing upward, spread  
His clapping wings; the heron, stalking grave  
Into the stream; the coot and water-hen  
Vanish into the flood, then, far off, rise again:—  
Such were their joys!

HOWITT.

---

SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

AROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;  
A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie ; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
Which incomposed he shakes ; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled ;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

THOMSON.

---

SONNET ON COUNTRY LIFE.

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment ?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye



Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by :  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

KEATS.

---

## MORNING IN SUMMER.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;  
Till far o'er ether spreads the winding glow,  
And from before the lustre of her face  
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,  
Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward : while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissembled joy ;

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.  
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
Rejoicing in the east ! The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,  
High-gleaming from afar.

THOMSON.

---

THE WILD BRAMBLE.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake !  
So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;  
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;  
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are !  
How delicate thy gauzy frill !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;  
While silent showers are falling slow,  
And, 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !  
The primrose to the grave is gone ;  
The hawthorn flower is dead ;  
The violet by the mossed gray stone  
Hath laid her weary head ;  
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOTT.

---

AN EVENING VISIT TO WINDERMERE

BEHOLD the shades of afternoon have fallen  
Upon this flowery slope ; and see—beyond—  
The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue ;  
As if preparing for the peace of evening.  
How tempting the landscape shines ! The air  
Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk  
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored  
Beneath her sheltering tree.

WORDSWORTH.

---

SUNRISE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,  
They gathered mid-day round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills,  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,

Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle  
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,—  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW

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### THE FOREST STREAM.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness ; it calms  
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms  
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.  
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks ;  
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,  
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,  
While every other woodland lay is mute,  
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,  
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—  
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,  
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,



If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget





That, soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—  
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal  
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.  
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there  
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay  
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout  
Watches his time to spring; or from above,  
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,  
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood  
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!

GRAHAME.

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SUMMER EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day  
The burning wheels have urged their way,  
And Eve along the western skies  
Spreads her intermingling dyes;  
Down the deep, the miry lane,  
Creaking comes the empty wain.  
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,  
Whistling now and then by fits;  
And oft with his accustomed call,  
Urging on the sluggish Ball.

The barn is still,—the master's gone,—  
And thresher puts his jacket on ;  
While Dick upon the ladder tall  
Nails the dead kite to the wall.  
Here comes Shepherd Jack at last,  
He has penned the sheepcot fast ;  
For 'twas but two nights before  
A lamb was eaten on the moor ;  
His empty wallet Rover carries,—  
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries ;  
With lolling tongue he runs to try  
If the horse-trough be not dry.  
The milk is settled in the pans,  
And supper messes in the cans ;  
In the hovel carts are wheeled,  
And both the colts are drove a-field :  
The horses are all bedded up,  
And the ewe is with the tup.  
The snare for Mister Fox is set,  
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,  
And Bess has slinked away to talk  
With Roger in the holly walk.  
Now on the settle all but Bess  
Are set, to eat their supper mess ;

And little Tom and roguish Kate  
Arc swinging on the meadow gate.  
Now they chat of various things,—  
Of taxes, ministers, and kings ;  
Or else tell all the village news,—  
How madam did the 'squire refuse,  
How parson on his tithes was bent,  
And landlord oft distrained for rent.  
Thus do they, till in the sky  
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high.  
The mistress sees that lazy Kate  
The happing coal on kitchen grate  
Has laid,—while master goes throughout,  
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out ;  
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,  
And nought from thieves or fire to fear ;  
Then both to bed together creep,  
And join the general troop of sleep.

KIRKE WHITE.

## LEAFY JUNE.

Now come the rosy June, and blue-eyed Hours,  
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,  
And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,  
And hourly bursts of pretty buds to flowers ;  
With buzz of happy bees in violet bowers,  
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings  
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings  
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers ;  
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,  
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,  
Answered in far-off faintness by its dam ;  
With cuckoo's call from green depths of old woods ;  
And hum of many sounds, making one voice,  
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise.

WEBBE.

## THE RAIN.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets

Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulphs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures and his fields of grain.  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain,  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own-thrift and gain.  
These, and far more than these,  
The poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled,  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,

Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven  
Opposite the setting sun.  
Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.



## A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

Now roves the eye ;  
And posted on this speculative height,  
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here  
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek  
The middle field ; but, scattered by degrees,  
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps  
The loaded wain ; while, lightened of its charge,  
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;  
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team  
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks  
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,  
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.  
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,

And poplar, that with silver lines its leaf,  
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,  
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts  
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
Diffusing odors : nor unnoted pass  
The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.

COWPER.

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### A JUNE DAY.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss,  
On a bright, sunny noon like this,  
Couched by his native brook's green maze,  
With comrade of his boyish days ?  
While all around them seemed to be  
Just as in joyous infancy.  
Who has not loved, at such an hour,  
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,  
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,  
Its wild and sunny solitude ?

While o'er the waste of purple ling  
You marked a sultry glimmering ;  
Silence herself there seems to sleep,  
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,  
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep  
Through the tall fox-glove's crimson bloom,  
And gleaming of the scattered broom.  
Love you not, then, to list and hear  
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,  
Pouring an orange-scented tide  
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?  
To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill  
Hovering above you high and still ?  
The twittering of the bird that dwells  
Amongst the heath's delicious bells ?  
While round your bed, or fern and blade,  
Insects in green and gold arrayed,  
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed ;  
And sweeter sound their humming wings  
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

HOWITT.

## THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun  
With ruddy cheek begins to run ;  
And early birds, that wing the skies,  
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,  
In the open field to stray ;  
And have no roof above my head,  
But that whereon the gods do tread.

\* \* \* \* \*

A landscape wide salutes my sight,  
Of shady vales, and mountains bright ;  
And azure heavens I behold,  
And clouds of silver and of gold.  
And now into the fields I go,  
Where thousand flaming flowers glow ;  
And every neighboring hedge I greet,  
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.  
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,  
And meet with, as I pace my way,  
Sweetly shining on the eye,  
A rivulet gliding smoothly by ;

Which shows with what an easy tide  
The moments of the happy glide.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun now shows his noontide blaze,  
And sheds around me burning rays ;  
A little onward, and I go  
Into the shade that groves bestow ;  
And on green moss I lay me down,  
That o'er the root of oak has grown ;  
Where all is silent, but some flood  
That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;  
But birds that warble in the sprays,  
And charm e'en silence with their lays.

\* \* \* \* \*

See ! yonder hill, uprising steep,  
Above the river slow and deep :  
It looks from hence a pyramid,  
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;  
On whose high top there rises great,  
The mighty remnant of a seat,  
An old green tower, whose battered brow  
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,  
How the sheep surround their swain,—

How they crowd to hear his strain !  
All careless with his legs across,  
Leaning on a bank of moss,  
He spends his empty hours at play,  
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,  
A silver stream, a willow shade,  
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,  
Who, with the angle in his hand,  
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun  
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;  
And yonder hill remoter grows,  
Or dusky clouds to interpose.  
The fields are left, the laboring hind  
His weary oxen does unbind ;  
And vocal mountains, as they low,  
Re-echo to the vales below ;  
The jocund shepherds piping come,  
And drive the herd before them home ;  
And now begin to light their fires,  
Which send up smoke in curling spires !  
While with light hearts all homeward tend,  
To Abergasney I descend.

DYER.

THE  
POETRY OF AUTUMN.





## THE POETRY OF AUTUMN.

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### HARVEST-HOME.

SUMMER'S toiling now is past ;  
Harvest now hath sent her last—  
    Her last, last load.  
If the field containeth more,  
Master, give it to the poor,  
    Abroad—abroad.  
Let them through the corn-field roam,  
While we welcome harvest-home,—  
    Harvest-home, harvest-home,—  
While we welcome harvest-home :  
Songs shall sound and ale-cups foam,  
    While we welcome harvest-home.

MILLER.

## HARVEST FIELD.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;  
Before the ripened field the reapers stand  
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shock ;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,  
How good the God of Harvest is to you,  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields :

While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole.

THOMSON.

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## AUTUMNAL MORNING.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandalled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless  
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades ;  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

LONGFELLOW.

## BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

THE month is now far spent ; and the meridian sun,  
Most sweetly smiling, with attempered beams,  
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth ;  
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,  
Chequered by one night's frost with various hues,  
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,  
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight  
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged  
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,  
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees  
That singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,  
Adorn the shores ;—to see, perhaps, the side  
Of some high mount reflected far below,  
With its bright colors intermixed with spots  
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad  
To wander in the open fields, and hear,  
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,  
The lulling insects of the summer's night ;  
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,  
A lonely bee, long roving here and there  
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;

Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,  
In widening circles round and round his head,  
Straight by the listener flying clear away,  
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;  
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,  
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,  
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropped  
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves

WILCOX.

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THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke  
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung  
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,  
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined  
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race,  
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched  
The spark of life.

COWPER.

## NUTTING.

—It seems a day,  
(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days which cannot die;  
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,  
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps  
Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,  
Which for that service had been husbanded,  
By exhortation of my frugal dame.  
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,  
More ragged than need was! Among the woods,  
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,  
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
'Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,  
A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart

As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played :  
A temper, known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation, have been blest  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;  
Where fairy waterbreaks do murmur on  
Forever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease ; and of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with  
crash  
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook



Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being : and, unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past,  
Even then, when from the bower I turned away  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—  
Then, dearest Maiden ! move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart ! with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

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SERENITY OF AUTUMN.

BUT see the fading many-colored woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn

The gentle current : while illumined wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And through their lucid veil his softened force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom Virtue and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things ;  
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet ;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through the saddened grove, where scarce *is*  
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.

THOMSON.

## T E A R S.

(FROM "THE PRINCESS.")

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

## A DAY IN AUTUMN.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain  
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,  
In unapproachable divinity,  
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.  
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,  
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,  
Save where along the bending line of shore  
Such hue is known as when the peacock's neck  
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,  
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks  
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,

The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves ;  
With long-protruded neck the cormorants  
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round  
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.  
It was a day that sent into the heart  
A summer feeling : even the insect swarms  
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,  
To sport through one day of existence more ;  
The solitary primrose on the bank  
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn  
Its bleak autumnal birth ; the rocks and shores,  
The Forest, and the everlasting Hills,  
Smiled in that joyful Sunshine,—they partook  
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

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MOUNTAIN SCENE.

THE Sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt  
The mountain's brow, while up the steep ascent  
With early step we climbed, now wide displays  
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage  
Hath nearly measured. From th' illumined vale  
The soaring mists are drained, and o'er the hill

No more breathes grateful the cool balmy air,  
 Cheering our search, and urging on our steps  
 Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake  
 The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade  
 Of spreading tree, or sheltering hedge-row tall :  
 Or, in the mantling pool, rude reservoir  
 Of wintry rains, and the slow thrifty spring,  
 Cool their parched limbs, and lave their panting sides.

Let us too seek the shade. Yon airy dome,  
 Beneath whose lofty battlements we found  
 A covert passage to these sultry realms,  
 Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends  
 The pleasing comment on fair Nature's book,  
 In sumptuous volume, opened to our view.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis well! Here sheltered from the scorching heat,  
 At large we view the subject vale sublime  
 And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace  
 Stretching, in wanton boundary, from the foot  
 Of this green mountain, far as human ken  
 Can reach,—a theatre immense! adorned  
 With ornaments of sweet variety,  
 By Nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,  
 A verdant floor! with brightest gems inlaid,

And richly-painted flowers—the tillaged plain,  
Wide-waving to the sun a rival blaze  
Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,  
With outline fair, in naked pomp displayed,  
Round, angular, oblong; and others crowned  
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn  
Fair Plenty pours, and cultivation spreads  
Her heightening lustre. See, beneath her touch  
The smiling harvests rise, with bending line,  
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe  
Stretching their lengthened beds. Her careful hand  
Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay  
A dust for wintry store—the long-ridged mow,  
Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,  
Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wove fence  
Nurses, and adds with care the hedge-row elm.  
Around her farms and villages she plans  
The rural garden, yielding wholesome food  
Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb  
Medicinal. The well-ranged orchard now  
She orders, or the sheltering clump, or tuft  
Of hardy trees, the wintry storms to curb  
Or guard the sweet retreat of village swain,  
With health and plenty crowned.

JAGO.

## TO A WILD DEER.

FIT couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !  
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !  
With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—  
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.  
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep  
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep ;  
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies  
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,  
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,  
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as  
bold !

How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife  
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.  
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,  
Whose depths at the sullen plunge sullenly quake !  
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,  
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;  
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than  
himself,  
The wild bee is busy, a musical elf!—

Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,  
And circling the antlers, booms far, far away.  
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,  
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,  
And mellowing Echo, on watch in the skies,  
Like a voice from a loftier climate replies.  
With wild branching antlers, a guard to his breast,  
There lies the wild creature, even stately in rest ;  
'Mid the grandeur of Nature, composed and serene,  
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,  
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,  
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their  
    haven,  
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled  
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

WILSON.

---

A U T U M N.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
    With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
    run ;



To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy  
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swarth and all its twinèd flowers ;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,

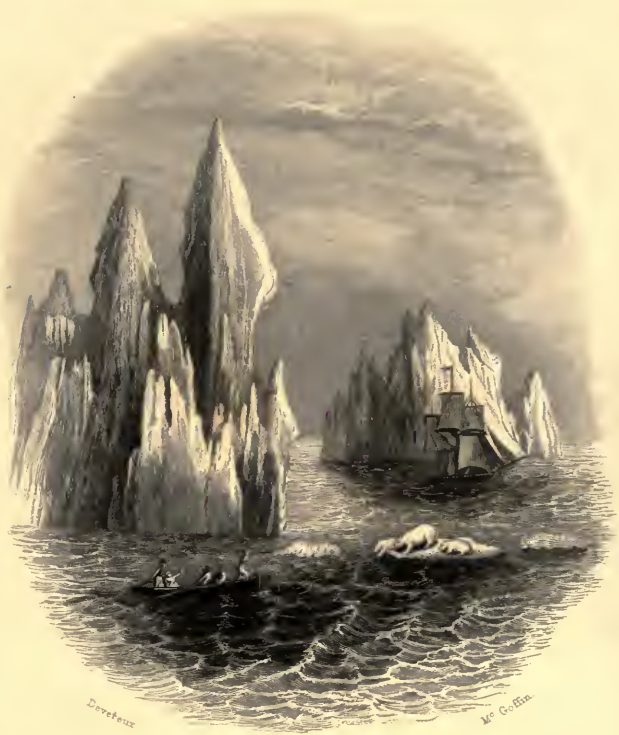
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river salallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;  
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

THE  
POETRY OF WINTER.







WINTER.

## THE POETRY OF WINTER

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### WINTER.

SEE! Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;  
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,  
These ! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !  
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,  
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,  
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,—  
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain ;  
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure.

THOMSON.

## FARM-YARD IN WINTER.

WHEN now, unsparing as the scourge of war,  
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,  
Around their home the storm-pinch'd cattle lows,  
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows ;  
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound  
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.  
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,  
And e'en the hardy brambles cease to sprout,  
Beneath dread Winter's level sheets of snow  
The sweet nutritious turnip deigns to grow ;  
Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth  
Bid Labor claim her treasures from the earth.  
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,  
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes ;  
Snow clogs his feet ; or if no snow is seen,  
The field with all its juicy store to screen,  
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found  
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.  
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,  
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,  
Till Giles with pond'rous beetle foremost go,  
And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow :



When pressing round him, eager for the prize,  
From their mixed breath warm exhalations rise.

Though night approaching bids for rest prepare,  
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,  
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,  
Sending at length the weary laborer home.  
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,  
Throughout the yard, housed round on every side,  
Deep-plunging cows their rustling feast enjoy,  
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,  
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,  
Fills the tall racks and leaves a scattered road ;  
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry  
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,  
When Giles, with well-known voice, already there,  
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.  
From the fireside with many a shrug he hies,  
Glad if the full-orbed moon salute his eyes,  
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night  
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.  
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,  
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile ;  
There views the white-robed clouds in clusters driven,  
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.

Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,  
The rising vapors catch the silver light ;  
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,  
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,  
Passing the source of light ; and thence away,  
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.  
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen  
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)  
Others, detached in ranges through the air,  
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;  
Scattered immensely wide from east to west,  
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.

BLOOMFIELD.

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### FROST.

For every shrub and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass ;  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
While through the ice the crimson berries glow ;  
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield  
Seem polished lances in a hostile field ;  
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine ;

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
That wave and glitter in the distant sun ;  
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
The brittle forest into atoms flies.

PHILLIPS.

---

S N O W.

To-MORROW brings a change,—a total change !  
Which even now, though silently performed,  
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
Of universal nature undergoes.  
Fast falls a fleecy shower : the downy flakes  
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,  
Softly alighting upon all below,  
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green  
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,  
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

## FODDERING CATTLE.

THE cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them ; and seem half petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man,  
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,  
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging, oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass ;  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away ; no needless care,  
Lest storms should upset the leaning pile  
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.

COWPER.

---

SKATING.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons : happy time

It was indeed for all of us ; for me  
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud  
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle : with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star ;  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WORDSWORTH.

---

### REFLECTIONS UPON WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear  
Delights to listen to the breeze,  
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,  
I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,  
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,  
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake  
The many-colored grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul  
The silence of the wintry scene,  
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced  
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam  
The wild heath sparkling on the sight ;  
Not undelightful now to pace  
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,  
And mark the moss of many a hue  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,  
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the clustered berries bright,  
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;  
The ivy round the leafless oak,  
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,  
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,  
And by Religion's aid upheld,  
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,  
Whose waters hid from Summer sun,  
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear  
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare,  
The long grass bends its spear-like form,  
And lovely is the silvery scene  
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour  
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,  
No more expands the bursting bud,  
Or bids the flow'ret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,  
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,  
Expand the bursting bud again,  
And bid the flower re-bloom.

SOUTHEY.

---

### THE REDBREAST.

THE cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white :  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. . . . .



The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual-visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
Attract his slender feet.

THOMSON.

---

THE WOODMAN.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned  
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe  
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd; with pointed ears,

And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,  
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk,  
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;  
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.  
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,  
But now and then with pressure of his thumb  
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube  
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud  
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

COWPER.

---

### A WINTER WALK.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.  
O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.



## WINTER TRIUMPHANT.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,  
And withered are the pale wild flowers ;  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers,  
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,  
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,  
And Autumn with her yellow hours  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

BRAINARD.

---

THE SNOW-CLOGGED WAIN.

ILL fares the traveller now, and he that stalks  
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.  
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore  
By congregated loads adhering close  
To the clogged wheels ; and in its sluggish pace  
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.  
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,  
While every breath, by respiration strong  
Forced downward, is consolidated soon  
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear

The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,  
With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks, and teeth  
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.  
One hand secures his hat, save when with both  
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,  
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

COWPER.

---

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail.  
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
And nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

## WINTER SERENADE.

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves ;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings ;  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check the music of the strings ;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened ?—till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim ;

The greeting given, the music played  
In honor of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

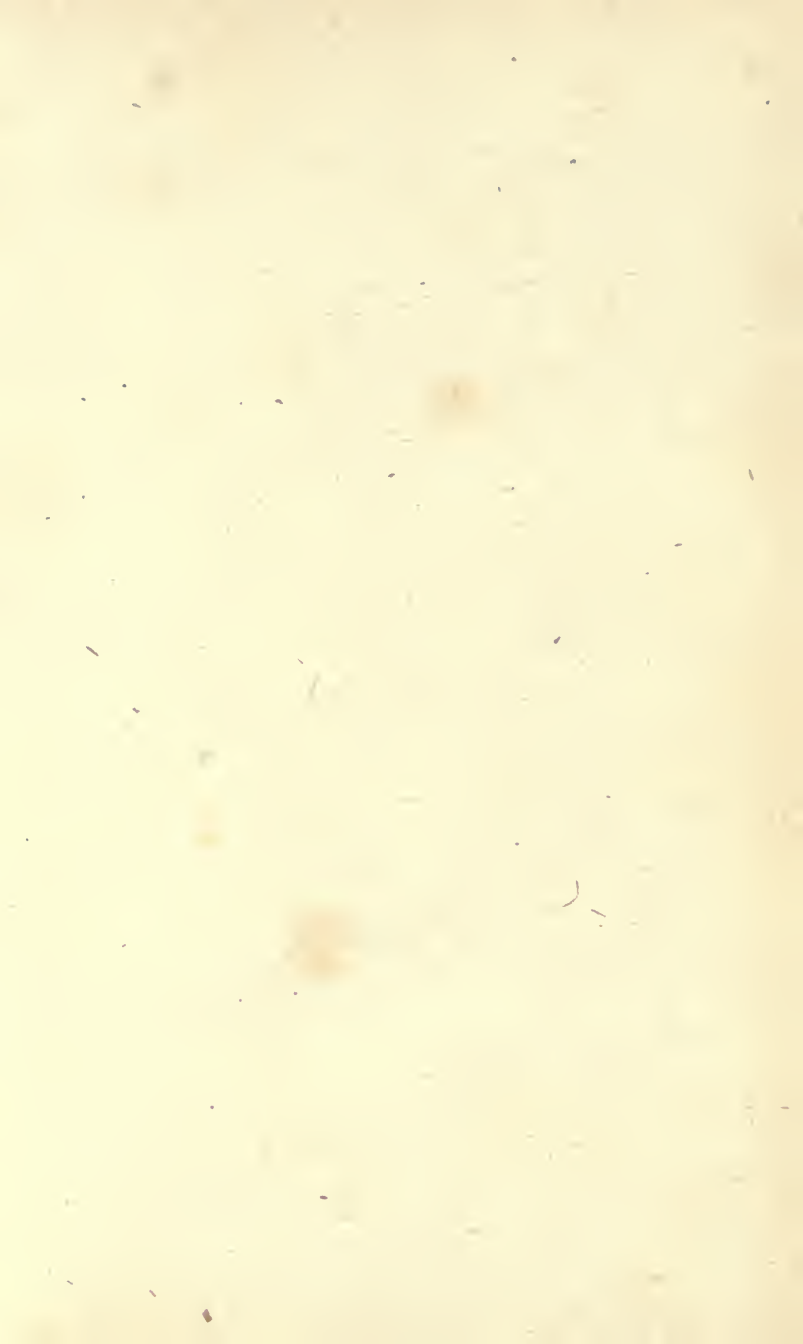
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